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ADDRESS

OF THE

HON. EDWARD EVERETT,

Secretary of State,

At the Anniversary of the Am. Col. Society, 18th Jan., 1853.

Mr. President and Gent. of the Col. Soc'y :—

It was my intention when I was requested some weeks ago, to take a part in the proceedings of this evening, to give to the subject of the Colonization Society and its operations on the coast of Africa, the most thorough examination in my power, in all its bearings, considering that, whether we look to the condition of this country or the interests of Africa, no more important object could engage our attention. But during almost the whole of the interval that has since elapsed, my time and my thoughts have been so entirely taken up and pre-occupied, that it has been altogether out of my power to give more than the hastiest preparation to the part which I am to take in this evening's proceedings. I am therefore obliged to throw myself upon the indulgence of this audience, with such a hasty view of the subject as I have been alone able to take.

The Colonization Society seems to me to have been the subject of much unmerited odium, of much equally unmerited indifference on the part of the great mass of the community, and to have received that attention which it so well deserves, from but very few. We regard it now only in its infancy. All that we see in this country is the quiet operation of a private association, pursuing the even tenor of its way without ostentation, without eclat; and on the coast of Africa there is nothing to attract our attention but a small settlement, the germ of a Republic, which, however prosperous, is but still in its infancy.

But before we deride even these small beginnings—before we make up our minds that the most important futurities are not wrapped up in them, even as the spreading oak is wrapped up in the small acorn which we can hold in our fingers, we should do well to recollect the first twenty-five or thirty years of the settlement at Jamestown, in your State, Mr. President, the parent of Virginia. We should do well to remember the history of that dreadful winter at Plymouth, when more than half of the Mayflower's little company were laid beneath the sod, and that sod smoothed over for fear the native savage would come and count the number of the graves. I think if you look to what has been done in Liberia in the last quarter of a century, you will find that it compares favorably with the most and the best that was done in Virginia or in Plymouth, during the same period. These seem to me to be reasons why we should not

look with too much distrust at the small beginnings that have been made.

Gentlemen, the foundation of this Society was laid in a great political and moral necessity. The measures which were taken for the suppressions of the slave trade naturally led to the capture of slave-ships, and the question immediately arose what should be done with the victims that were rescued from them. It was necessary that they should be returned to Africa. They could not, each and all, be sent to their native villages. They had been collected from the whole interior of that country, many of them 2,000 miles in the interior, and it was out of the question that they should, immediately be sent to their homes. If they had been placed upon the coast, in a body, at any of the usual points of resort, the result would have been to throw them at once back again into the grasp of the native chiefs who are the principal agents of the slave trade. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary, if the course of measures undertaken for the suppression of the slave trade was to be pursued, that some Colony should be founded, under the name and influence and patronage of a powerful European or American State, where these poor victims should be placed at once, safely protected, supplied with necessary provisions of all kinds, civilized if possible, and by degrees enabled to find their way back to their native villages, which some of them no doubt, both from the English and American Colony have from time to time done; as we know in fact that they have.

This as I understand it, was one of the first ideas that gave origin to this Society, and as I said before, it was a political and moral necessity. Then came the kindred object, which was more important because applicable to a much larger number of persons, of providing a suitable home for that portion of the free colored population of this country that were desirous of emigrating to the land of their fathers. This at first, as I understand, for it was before my day, was an object that approved itself almost universally throughout the country, to the South as well as to the North, to the white as well as to the colored population. Every body seemed to think at first that this was a practicable, desirable, and most praiseworthy object. By degrees, I am sorry to say, jealousies crept in, prejudices, for so I must account them, arose; and in process of time, it has come to pass that this Society has become, I must say, intensely unpopular with a large class of the colored population whose interests and welfare were some of the prime objects of its foundation.

I will not undertake on this occasion to discuss the foundation of these prejudices. I will not dwell upon those, as they are called, oppressive laws, and that still more oppressive public sentiment in all parts of the country, which render the condition of the colored population in every part of the Union, one of disability, discouragement, and hardship. In order to meet the objection to the operation of the Society which arises from the statement that it tends to co-operate with, and to strengthen these oppressive laws and this oppressive public sentiment, I will for argument sake, take it for granted that this legislation and this sentiment are correctly thus characterized; that they are as oppressive, cruel, and tyrannical as they are declared to be.

Taking this for granted, I ask in

the name of common sense, in the name of humanity, does this state of things furnish any reason why the free colored population of the country, should be discouraged from leaving a state of things like this, and going to the land of their fathers, a continent of their own where no such legislation, where no such unfriendly public sentiment would exist; a great and fertile land, a land that is inviting them to come and take possession of it, and in various parts of which there is everything that can attract, and reward the industry of man? It seems to me that the objection which is urged to the Society, that it co-operates with that oppressive state of things here, furnishes the very strongest reason in favor of the emigration. Let us take a parallel case. Suppose any one had gone among that little company of persecuted christians in England, in the year 1608, who afterwards became the pilgrim church of Mr. Robinson at Leyden; or suppose any one had gone in 1630 to the more important company of Gov. Winthrop, the great founder of Massachusetts; had tried to excite their feelings against the projected emigration, had told them that England belonged to them as much as it did to their oppressors, had led them to stand upon their rights, and if necessary bleed and die for them; had depicted the hardships and sufferings of the passage, had painted in the darkest colors, the terrors of the wilderness into which they were about to venture; would that have been true friendship, would it have been kindness, would it have been humanity? Or to come nearer home, suppose at the present day one should go into Ireland, or France, or Switzerland, or Germany, or Norway, or any of the countries from which hundreds of thousands of men, in a depressed, destitute and unhappy condition, are emigrating to the United States, to find a refuge, a home, a social position, and employment—suppose some one should go to them and try to stimulate a morbid patriotism, a bitter nationality, telling them the country where they were born, belonged as much to them as to the more favored classes, inducing them to stay where they were born, telling them that it was doubtful whether they would get employment in the new country, talking of the expenses, the diseases, the hardships of the poor emigrant, and in this way endeavor to deter them from this great adventure, which is to end in procuring a home and a position in the world, and an education for themselves and their children, would this be friendship, would this be kindness, would this be humanity? But these are the appeals which are made to the free colored population of this country, and it is by appeals like this that the Society and the colony have become, as I am sorry to say I believe is the case, highly unpopular among them.

But I must hasten on from this object of providing a home for the free colored population who wish to emigrate, to another which was a very considerable and leading object with the founders of this Society, and that is the suppression of the foreign slave trade. It is grievous to reflect, it is one of the darkest things that we read of in history, that contemporaneously with the discovery of this continent, and mainly from mistaken humanity towards its natives, the whole western coast of Africa was thrown open to that desolating traffic, which from time immemorial, had been carried on from the ports of the Mediterranean, the Nile, and the Red Sea, and the shores of Eastern Africa.—It is still more painful to reflect that

it was precisely at the period when the best culture of modern Europe was moving rapidly towards its perfection, that the intercourse of Africa with Europe, instead of proving a blessing proved a curse. Have you well considered, Mr. President, that it was in the days of Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Hooker, and Bacon, and other bright suns in the firmament of the glory of England, that her navigators first began to go forth, and as if in derision, in vessels, bearing the venerable names of "the Solomon" and "the Jesus," to the coast of Africa to tear away its wretched natives into a state of bondage. It was at the very time when in England and France, the last vestiges of the feudal system were breaking down, when private war was put an end to, and men began to venture out from the walled towns and dwell in safety in the open country, and to traverse the high roads without fear, it was then that these most polished nations began to enter into competition with each other, which should monopolize that cruel traffic, the African slave trade, the principal agency of which was to stir up a system of universal hostility; not merely between nation and nation, but between tribe and tribe, clan and clan, family and family, and often between members of the same household; for, I am sorry to say, it is no unprecedented thing for these poor creatures to sell their wives and children to the slave trader.

In this way the whole western coast of Africa became like the Northern and Eastern coast before, one general mart for the slave trade. This lasted for three hundred years. At length the public sentiment of the world, in Europe and America, was awakened. Several of the colonial assemblies in this country passed acts inhibiting the slave trade, but they were uniformly negatived by the Crown. The Continental Congress in 1776, denounced the traffic. The federal convention in 1789 fixed a prospective period for its abolition in this country. The example was followed by the States of Europe. At the present day every christian and several of the Mahomedan powers have forbidden it; yet it is extensively carried on, and some authorities say that the number of slaves taken from Africa has not materially diminished; but I hope this is not true. This state of facts has led several persons most desirous of putting an end to the traffic, to devise some new system, some new agency; and all agree—there is not a dissenting voice on that point—that the most effectual, and in fact the only substitute is the establishment of colonies. Wherever a colony is established on the coast of Africa under the direction of a christian power in Europe or America, there the slave trade disappears; not merely from the coast of the colony, but from the whole interior of the country which found an outlet at any point on that coast. In this way, from the most northern extremity of the French and English colonies down to the most southern limit of the American settlements, the slave trade has entirely disappeared. The last slave mart in that region, the Gallinas, has within a short time, I believe, come within the jurisdiction of the American colony of Liberia. Now, along that whole line of coast and throughout the whole interior connected with it, a line of coast, as I believe, not less than that from Maine to Georgia—from every port and every harbor of which the foreign slave trade was carried on—within the memory of man, it has en-

tirely disappeared. What Congresses of sovereigns at Vienna, and Aix-la-Chapelle, could not do, what squadrons of war steamers cruising along the coast could not achieve, what quintuple treaties among the powers of Europe could not effect by the arts of diplomacy, has been done by these poor little colonies, one of which at least, that of Liberia, has, in latter times, been almost without the recognition of this government, struggling into permanence by the resources furnished by private benevolence. (Applause.) I ask what earthly object of this kind more meritorious than this can be named? And what career is there opened to any colored man in Europe or America, more praiseworthy, more inviting than this, to form as it were, in his own person a portion of that living cordon, stretching along the coast and barring its whole extent from the approaches of this traffic? (Applause.)

But even the suppression of the slave trade, all important as it is, is but auxiliary to another ulterior object of still more commanding importance, and that is the civilization of Africa. The condition of Africa is a disgrace to the rest of the civilized world. With an extent nearly three times as great as that of Europe, its known portions of great fertility, teeming with animal and vegetable life, traversed by magnificent chains of mountains, East, and West, North and South, whose slopes send down the tributaries of some of the noblest rivers in the world, connecting on the North by the Mediterranean, with the ancient and modern culture of Europe, projecting on the West far into the Atlantic ocean, that great highway of the world's civilization, running on the South East into a near proximity to our own South American continent, open on the East to the trade of India: and on the North East by the Red Sea and the Nile, locked closely into the Asiatic continent, one would have thought that with all these natural endowments, with this noble geographical position, Africa was destined to be the emporium, the garden of the Globe. Man alone in this unhappy continent has dropped so far into arrears in the great march of humanity, behind the other portions of the human family, that the question has at length been started whether he does not labor under some incurable, natural inferiority. In this, for myself, I have no belief whatever.

I do not deny that among the numerous races in the African continent, as among the numerous races in all the other continents, there are great diversities, from the politic and warlike tribes upon the central plateau, to the broken down hordes on the slave coast, and on the banks of the Congo, and the squalid, half human Hottentot. But do you think the difference is any greater between them than it is between the Laplander, the Gipsy, the Calmuc, and the proudest and brightest specimens of humanity in Europe or America? I think not.

What then can be the cause of the continued uncivilization of Africa? Without attempting presumptuously to pry into the mysteries of Providence, I think that adequate causes can be found in some historical and geographical circumstances. It seems a law of human progress, which however difficult to explain, is too well sustained by facts to be doubted, that in the first advances out of barbarism into civilization, the first impulses and guidances must come from abroad. This of course leaves untouched the great mystery who could have made a beginning; but still as far back as history or tradition runs, we do find that the

first guidance and impulse came from abroad. From Egypt and Syria the germs of improvement were brought to Greece, from Greece to Rome, from Rome to the North and West of Europe, from Europe to America, and they are now speeding on from us to the farthest West, until at length it shall meet the East again. To what extent the aboriginal element shall be borne down and overpowered by the foreign influences, or enter into kindly combination with them, depends upon the moral and intellectual development of both parties. There may be such aptitude for improvement, or the disparity between the native and foreign race may be so small, that a kindly combination will at once take place. This is supposed to have been the case with the ancient Grecian tribes in reference to the emigrants from Egypt and the East. Or the inaptitude may be so great, and the disparity between the natives and the foreigners may be so wide that no such kindly union can take place. This is commonly supposed to be the case with the natives of our own continent, who are slowly and silently retiring before the inroads of a foreign influence.

Now in reference to this law of social progress, there have been in Africa two most unfortunate difficulties. In the first place, all the other branches of the human family that have had the start of Africa in civilization have, from the very dawn of history, been concerned in the slave trade, so that intercourse with foreigners, instead of being a source of mutual improvement to both parties, particularly to the weaker, has, in the case of Africa, only tended to sink them deeper into barbarism and degeneracy of every kind. This has been one difficulty. Another is the climate—this vast equatorial expanse—this aggregate of land between the tropics, greater than all the other parts of the globe together, her fervid vertical sun, burning down upon the rank vegetation of her fertile plains, and rendering her shores and water courses pestiferous to a foreign constitution. This circumstance also seems to shut Africa out from the approaches of civilization through the usual channels. The ordinary inducements of gain, are too weak to tempt the merchant to those feverous shores. Nothing but a taste for adventure, approaching to mania, attracts the traveller; and when christian benevolence allures the devoted missionary to this field of labor, it lures him too often to his doom.

By this combination of influences, Africa seems to have been shut out from the beginning from all those benefits that otherwise result from foreign intercourse. But now, mark and reverence the Providence of God, educing out of these disadvantages of climate, (disadvantages as we consider them) and out of this colossal, moral wrong—the foreign slave trade—educing out of these seemingly hopeless elements of physical and moral evil, after long cycles of crime and suffering, of violence and retribution, such as history no where else can parallel—educing, I say, from these almost hopeless elements by the blessed alchemy of christian love the ultimate means of the regeneration of Africa, (applause.)

The conscience of the Christian world at last was roused; an end it was determined should be put to the foreign slave trade, but not till it had conveyed six millions of the children and descendants of Africa to the Western Hemisphere, of whom about one and a half millions have passed into a state of freedom; though born and educated, no

doubt, under circumstances unfavorable for moral or intellectual progress, sharing in the main the blessings, and the lights of our common christian civilization, and proving themselves, in the example of the Liberian colony, amply qualified to be the medium of conveying these blessings to the land of their fathers.

Thus you see at the very moment when the work is ready to commence, the instruments are prepared. Do I err in supposing that the same august Providence which has arranged, or has permitted the mysterious sequence of events to which I have referred, has also called out, and is inviting those chosen agents to enter upon the work? Every thing else has been tried and failed. Commercial adventure on the part of individuals has been unsuccessful; strength, courage, endurance, almost superhuman, have failed; well appointed expeditions fitted out, under the auspices of powerful associations, and powerful governments, have ended in the most calamitous failure; and it has been proved at last, by all this experience, that the white race of itself, cannot civilize Africa.

Sir, when that most noble expedition, I think in 1841, was fitted out, under the highest auspices in England, to found an agricultural colony at the confluence of the Niger and the Chad, out of one hundred and fifty white persons that formed a part of it, every man sickened, and all but three or four died. On the other hand, out of one hundred and fifty colored men, that formed part of the expedition, only three or four sickened, and they were men who had passed some years in the West Indies, and in Europe, and not one died. I think that fact, in reference to the civilization of Africa is worth, I had almost said, all the treasure, and all the suffering of that ill-fated expedition.

Sir, you cannot civilize Africa,—you Caucasian—you proud white man—you all-boasting, all-daring, Anglo-Saxon, you cannot do this work. You have subjugated Europe; the native races of this country are melting before you as the untimely snows of April beneath a vernal sun; you have possessed yourselves of India, you threaten China and Japan; the farthest isles of the Pacific are not distant enough to escape your grasp, or insignificant enough to elude your notice: but this great Central Africa lies at your doors and defies your power. Your war steamers and your squadrons may range along the coast, but neither on the errands of peace, nor on the errands of war, can you penetrate into and long keep the interior. The God of nature, for purposes inscrutable, but no doubt to be reconciled with His wisdom and goodness, has drawn a cordon across the chief inlets that you cannot pass. You may hover on the coast, but woe to you if you attempt to make a permanent lodgment in the interior. Their poor mud-built villages will oppose no resistance to your arms; but death sits portress at their undefended gates. Yellow fevers, and blue plagues, and intermittent poisons, that you can see as well as feel, hover in the air. If you attempt to go up the rivers, pestilence shoots from the mangroves that fringe their noble banks; and the all-glorious sun, that kindles everything else into life and power, darts down disease and death into your languid frame. No, no, Anglo-Saxon, this is no part of your vocation. You may direct the way, you may survey the coast, you may point your finger into the interior; but you must leave it to others to go and abide there. The God of nature, in another branch of his family, has chosen out the instruments of

this great work—descendants of the torrid clime, children of the burning vertical sun—and fitted them by centuries of stern discipline for this most noble work—

> From foreign realms and lands remote,
> Supported by His care,
> They pass unharmed through burning climes,
> And breathe the tainted air.

Sir, I believe that Africa will be civilized, and civilized by the descendants of those who were torn from the land. I believe it because I will not think that this great fertile continent is to be forever left waste. I believe it because I see no other agency fully competent to the work. I believe it because I see in this agency a most wonderful adaptation.

But doubts are entertained of the practicability of effecting this object by the instrumentality that I have indicated. They are founded in the first place, on the supposed incapacity of the free colored population of this country and the West Indies to take up and carry on such a work; and also on the supposed degradation and, if I may use such a word, unimprovability of the native African races, which is presumed to be so great as to bid defiance to any such operation.

Now, I think it would be very unjust to the colored population of this country and the West Indies to argue from what they have done under present circumstances, to what they might effect under the most favorable circumstances. I think, upon the whole, all things considered, that they have done quite as well as could be expected; that they have done as well as persons of European or Anglo-American origin would have done after three centuries of similar depression and hardship. You will recollect, sir, that Mr Jefferson, in his valuable work, called "The Notes on Virginia," states in strong language the intellectual inferiority of the colored race. I have always thought that it ought to have led Mr. Jefferson to hesitate a little as to the accuracy of this opinion, when he recollected that in the very same work he was obliged to defend the Anglo-American race, to which he himself, and to which so many of us belong, against the very same imputation brought by an ingenious French writer, the Abbé Raynal, whose opinions were shared by all the school of philosophers to which he belonged. Why, it is but a very few years—I do not know that the time has now ceased—when we Anglo-Americans were spoken of by our brethren beyond the water, as a poor, degenerate, almost semi-barbarous race. In the liberal journals of England, within thirty years, the question has been contemptuously asked, in reference to the native country of Franklin, and Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Marshall; of Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, Bryant, and Cooper, Longfellow, and Hawthorne, and hosts of others: "Who reads an American book?" It seems to me in view of facts like this we ought to be a little cautious how we leap to the conclusion that the free colored African race is necessarily in a condition of hopeless inferiority.

Then in reference to the other difficulty about the unimprovability of the African. It is said that the Africans alone of all the branches of the human family have never been able to rise out of barbarism. Sir, I do not know that; I do not think that anybody knows it. An impenetrable cloud hangs over the early history of mankind in every part of the globe. We well know in reference to the whole North and West of Europe, and a great part of the South of Europe,

that it was utterly barbarous until the light of the Roman civilization shone in upon it, and in comparatively recent times. We also know that in very early times one of the native African races, I mean the Egyptians, attained a high degree of culture. They were the parents of all the arts of Greece, and through them of the ancient world. The Egyptians, were a colored race.—They did not belong to the negro type; but still they were purely a colored race, and if we should judge of their present condition, as unimprovable as any of the tribes of Central Africa. Yet we find upon the banks of the Nile, the massive monuments of their cheerless culture that have braved the storms of time more successfully than the more graceful structures of Rome and of Greece.

It is true that some nations who have emerged from barbarism at a later period have attained the precedence over Africa, and have kept it to the present day; but I am not willing to believe that this arises from causes so fixed and permanent in their nature, that no reversal, at no length of time, is to be hoped from their operation. We are led into error by contemplating things too much in the gross. There are tribes in Africa which have made no contemptible progress in various branches of human improvement.—On the other hand, if we look at the population of Europe—if we cast our eyes from Lisbon to Archangel, from the Hebrides to the Black Sea,—if for a moment we turn our thoughts from the few who are born to wealth, and its consequent advantages, culture, education, and that lordship over the forces of nature which belongs to cultivated mind,—if we turn from these to the benighted, oppressed, destitute, superstitious, ignorant, suffering millions, who pass their lives in the hopeless toil of the field, the factory, and the mine; whose inheritance from generation to generation is beggary; whose education from sire to son is stolid ignorance; at whose daily table hunger and thirst are the stewards, whose occasional festivity is brutal intemperance; if we could count their numbers—if we could sum up together in one frightful mass, all their destitution of the comforts and blessings of life, and thus form an estimate of the practical barbarism of the nominally civilized portions of the world, we should, I think, come to the conclusion that this supposed in-bred essential superiority of the European races does not really exist.

If there be any such essential superiority, why has it been so late in showing itself? It is said that the Africans have persisted in their barbarism for four or five thousand years. Europe persisted in her barbarism for three or four thousand years, and in the great chronology of Divine Providence, we are taught that a thousand years are but as one day. Sir, it is only ten centuries since the Anglo-Saxons, to whose race we are so fond of claiming kindred, were as barbarous and uncivilized as many of the African tribes. They were a savage, ferocious, warlike people; pirates at sea, bandits on shore, slaves of the most detestable superstitions; worshiping idols as cruel and ferocious as themselves. And, as to the foreign slave trade, it is but eight centuries, and perhaps less, since there was as much slave trade in proportion, upon the coast of Great Britain as in the Bight of Benin at the present day. The natives of England eight centuries ago, were bought and sent to the slave marts, in the south and west of Europe. At length the light of christianity shone in; refinement,

civilization, letters, arts, and by degrees all the delights, all the improvements of life followed in their train, and now we talk with the utmost self complacency of the essential superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, and look down with disdain upon those portions of the human family, who have lagged a little behind us in the march of civilization.

Africa at the present day is not in that state of utter barbarism, which popular opinion ascribes to it. Here again we do not sufficiently discriminate. We judge in the gross. Certainly there are tribes wholly broken down by internal wars, and the detestable foreign slave trade; but this is not the character of the entire population. They are not savages. Most of them live by agriculture. There is some traffic between the coast and the interior. Many of the tribes have a respectable architecture, though of a rude kind, but still implying some progress of the arts. Gold dust is collected; iron is smelted and wrought; weapons and utensils of husbandry and household use are fabricated; cloth is woven and dyed; palm oil is expressed; there are schools; and among the Mahomedan tribes the Koran is read. You, Mr. President, well remember that twenty one years ago, you and I saw in one of the committee rooms of yonder Capitol, a native African, who had been 40 years a field slave in the West Indies and in this country, and wrote at the age of 70 the Arabic character, with the fluency and the elegance of a scribe. Why, Sir, to give the last test of civilization, Mungo Park tells us in his journal that in the interior of Africa lawsuits are argued with as much ability, as much fluency, and at as much length as in Edinburgh. (Laughter and applause.)

Sir, I do not wish to run into paradox on this subject. I am aware that the condition of the most advanced tribes of Central Africa is wretched, mainly, in consequence of the slave trade. The only wonder is, that with this cancer eating into their vitals from age to age, any degree of civilization whatever can exist. But degraded as the ninety millions of Africans are, I presume you might find in the aggregate, on the continent of Europe, another ninety millions as degraded, to which each country in that quarter of the globe would contribute its quota. The difference is, and it is certainly an all important difference, that in Europe, intermingled with these ninety millions, are fifteen or twenty millions possessed of all degrees of culture up to the very highest, while in Africa there is not an individual who, according to our standard, has attained a high degree of intellectual culture; but if obvious causes for this can be shown, it is unphilosophical to infer from it an essential incapacity.

But the question seems to me to be put at rest, by what we all must have witnessed of what has been achieved by the colored race in this country and on the coast of Africa. Unfavorable as their position has been for any intellectual progress, we still all of us know that they are competent to the common arts and business of life, to the ingenious and mechanical arts, to keeping accounts, to the common branches of academical and professional culture. Paul Cuffee's name is familiar to everybody in my part of the country, and I am sure you have heard of him. He was a man of uncommon energy and force of character. He navigated to Liverpool his own vessel, manned by a colored crew. His father was a native African slave; his mother was

a member of one of the broken down Indian tribes, some fragments of which still linger in the corners of Massachusetts. I have already alluded to the extraordinary attainments of that native African Prince, Abdul Rahhaman. If there was ever a native born gentleman on earth he was one. He had the port and the air of a prince, and the literary culture of a scholar. The learned Blacksmith of Alabama, now in Liberia, has attained a celebrity scarcely inferior to his white brother, who is known by the same designation. When I lived in Cambridge a few years ago I used to attend, as one of the Board of Visitors, the examinations of a classical school, in which there was a colored boy, the son of a slave in Mississippi, I think. He appeared to me to be of pure African blood. There were at the same time two youths from Georgia, and one of my own sons, attending the same school. I must say that this poor negro boy, Beverly Williams, was one of the best scholars at the school, and in the Latin language he was the best scholar in his class. These are instances that have fallen under my own observation. There are others I am told which show still more conclusively the colored race for every kind of intellectual culture.

Now look at what they have done on the coast of Africa. Think of the facts that were spread before you in that abstract of the Society's doings, which was read this evening. It is only 25 or 30 years since that little colony was founded under the auspices of this Society. In that time what have they done; or rather let me ask what have they not done? They have established a well-organized constitution of Republican Government, which is administered with ability and energy in peace, and by the unfortunate necessity of circumstances, also in war. They have courts of justice, modelled after our own; schools, churches, and lyceums.—Commerce is carried on, the soil is tilled, communication is open to the interior. The native tribes are civilized; diplomatic relations are creditably sustained with foreign powers; and the two leading powers of Europe, England and France, have acknowledged their sovereignty and independence. Would the same number of persons taken principally from the laboring classes, of any portion of England, or Anglo-America, have done better than this?

Ah! Sir, there is an influence at work through the agency of this Society, and other Societies, and through the agency of the colony of Liberia, and others which I hope will be established, sufficient to produce these and still greater effects. I mean the influence of pure unselfish christian love. This after all is the only influence that never can fail. Military power will at times be resisted, and overcome. Commercial enterprise, however well planned, may be blasted. State policy, however deep, may be outwitted; but pure, unselfish, manly, rather let me say heavenly love, never did, and in the long run never will fail, (applause.) It is a truth which this society ought to write upon its banners, that it is not political nor military power, but the moral sentiment, principally under the guidance and influence of religious zeal, that has in all ages civilized the world. Arms, craft, and mammon lie in wait, and watch their chance, but they cannot poison its vitality. Whatever becomes of the question of intellectual superiority, I should insult this audience, if I attempted to argue that in the moral sentiments, the colored race stand upon an equality with us. I read a year or two ago in a newspaper an anecdote which illustrates this in

so beautiful and striking a manner that, with your permission I will repeat it.

When the news of the discovery of gold reached us from California, a citizen of the upper part of Louisiana, from the Parish of Rapides, for the sake of improving his not prosperous fortunes, started with his servant to get a share, if he could, of the golden harvest. They repaired to the gold regions. They labored together for a while with success. At length the strength of the master failed, and he fell dangerously sick. What then was the conduct of the slave in those far off hills? In a State whose constitution did not recognize slavery, in that newly gathered and not very thoroughly organized state of society, what was his conduct? As his master lay sick with the typhus fever, Priest and Levite came, and looked upon him, and passed by on the other side. The poor slave stood by him, tended him, protected him; by night and by day his sole companion, nurse, and friend. At length the master died. What then was the conduct of the slave in those distant wastes, as he stood by him whom living he had served, but who was now laid low at his feet by the great Emancipator? He dug his decent grave in the golden sands. He brought together the earnings of their joint labor; these he deposited in a place of safety as a sacred trust for his master's family. He then went to work under a Californian sun to earn the wherewithall to pay his passage home. That done, he went back to the banks of the Red River, in Louisiana, and laid down the little store at the feet of his master's widow.—(Applause.)

Sir, I do not know whether the story is true, I read it in a public journal. The Italians have a proverbial saying of a tale like this, that if it is not true it is well invented. This Sir is too good to be invented. It is, it must be true. That master and that slave ought to live in marble and in brass, and if it was not presumptuous in a person like me so soon to pass away and to be forgotten, I would say their memory shall never perish.

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possint,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.

There is a moral treasure in that incident. It proves the capacity of the colored race to civilize Africa. There is a moral worth in it, beyond all the riches of California. If all her gold—all that she has yet yielded to the indomitable industry of the adventurer, and all that she locks from the cupidity of man, in the virgin chambers of her snow-clad sierras—were all moulten into one vast ingot, it would not, in the sight of Heaven, buy the moral worth of that one incident. (Applause.)

Gentlemen of the Colonization Society, I crave your pardon for this long intrusion upon your patience. I have told you—pardon that word, you knew it before—I have reminded you of the importance of the work, of the instrumentality by which it is to be effected, of the agents chosen as I think in the councils of Heaven to carry it into effect; and now what remains for us, for every friend of humanity, but to bid God speed to the undertaking?

[The honorable gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud and long continued applause.]

Note.—I perceive from a note to the foregoing speech as republished in the Colonization Herald, that, in speaking from memory of the Expedition to the Niger in 1841, I considerably overrated the mortality among the whites. Nearly every white member of the expedition was disabled by sickness from the performance of duty; but forty only died. This mortality, however, required the immediate abandonment of the enterprize.—E. E.